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2



FALSE WEATHER-PROPHETS.

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - J. S. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

*** The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the time when the subscription expires.

*** We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one-hundred-and-fifty times more.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

It is a great pity that in the march of time and the progress of the ages it will be necessary to leave the *Tribune* behind. It is a painful thing to those of us who keep moving; it will probably be still more painful to the *Tribune*, before long. Yet we fear that it cannot be helped. It would be inconvenient to stay the march of time, and the *Tribune* positively refuses to move. We look forward with a certain feeling of pain and regret to the day that must come, twenty or thirty years hence, when the *Tribune* will be the sole remaining monument of the "unreconstructed" era. Children will read in their school-books of the great civil war in which their grandfathers took part—they will read of it as we read of the Revolution, with a mildly marveling interest. They will say: "Is it possible that the North and the South ever were so foolish as to quarrel with each other and waste time and blood in fighting? We cannot believe it."

And then their teachers will say: "Oh, yes, it is so. There was a great war between the North and the South. And here is a paper—a daily paper—that believes that the war is still going on." And they will produce copies of the *Tribune*, and pass them around among the children, who will study them with curiosity, and will ask: "But what does all this mean? What is the Rebel Yell? And who are these Traitors? And is it true that there are Confederate Brigadiers in power at Washington, and are they really going to pay the Southern States an indemnity for the slaves who were freed half a century ago?" To which the teachers will reply: "No, dears; but the poor old *Tribune* got talking that way in 1884, and it has never had strength of mind enough to stop."

Any man with an ounce of brains in him ought to know that we are not living in the same generation with the carpet-bagger and the Ku-Klux murderer. The animals are alive still; you can look at living specimens, just as you might look at some odd survival of the mammoth or the original polyp in a museum.

THE DIFFERENCE



PUCK.—"Mr. Bennett, there is an example for you."

BENNETT.—"Well, Liberty is to enlighten the *World*. If it would enlighten the *Herald*, I would give two hundred thousand dollars."

But they are practically dead. They belong to a past time, with the passions and prejudices that engendered them. The feeling of the time has changed. There is a new generation to the fore. The idea, the spirit of the day is new. We have new problems to meet; the old ones have settled themselves or have been settled. We need not trouble ourselves now about the loyalty of any of the States. Slavery will never be reestablished, here or in any other civilized country. The reform of our civil service system and the moderation of our mischievous tariff are matters of vital moment to-day; and the animosities of twenty-five years ago are of no moment whatever.

Everybody knows this, except the New York *Tribune*. Perhaps the exception doesn't much matter; but there it is, and we mention the fact for what it is worth. Even the *Sun*, with its heart full of bottled Butlerism and Jacksonian Bourbon Democracy, has been able to read the signs of the times and to profit thereby. It is not a source of unalloyed happiness to the *Sun*; it is not anything which the *Sun* cares to proclaim from the house-tops; but the *Sun* sees clearly that a new era in politics has come in with the new men in politics, and that Grover Cleveland distinctly belongs to the new men and the new era. And the rest of the country is fast waking up to the knowledge of the fact that any party, Republican, Democratic or Independent, that wishes to secure and keep the confidence of the people must adapt its ideas to the new standards and find its path by the new light.

There is a very strong prospect that before long any souls wishing to be saved by the Salvation Army will have to go to jail to get their saving done. For rich variety of criminality, the Salvation Army can see any "gang" in the city. Every week some trusted bearer of the

Gospel banner is sent up the East River for stealing or fighting or getting drunk, or for doing something worse. If the exploits of these gentle children of holiness were chronicled under the head of "Religious Intelligence," they would make the non-secular portion of the *Independent* really cheerful Sunday reading.

We don't know that anything better could have been expected from the Salvation Army. When people get to that point at which they don't know the difference between religion and a circus, it is fairly safe to conclude that they have left morality clean out of sight. There is a pretty heavy responsibility resting on the shoulders of those regularly ordained ministers of the Gospel who have, by their open approval or by their cowardly silence, aided and abetted these people in their mumming mockery of religion and their defiance of decency and common-sense.

A great many people complain of weak eyes, and they always attribute the same to excessive reading. It is curious how persons are thus affected. One man reads how to raise pigs on a derrick, or how to hatch a conspiracy under a Shanghai, in our E. C. the *Amerikanischer Agriculturist*, and that man can't see an elephant packing his trunk ten feet off. Another man reads the war-maps in his favorite daily, and he can't see stars when he sits down unintentionally on the floor of a skating-rink.

The foremost oculists of the day have been bothered to account for so singular an affection, and they agree that if tramps were in the habit of reading Theocritus while on their travels through the country, they would never be able to see the bull-dog coming to rudely tear from them their scant raiment.

A man was recently tested in a private hospital up-town. He was given a society paper to read, and then a snake was thrown in his lap; he thought it a piece of brown silk thread. Then he was handed a copy of PUCK'S ANNUAL, and after he had read a page or two of it he recognized the snake and quoted from Genesis about the serpent being the subtlest beast of the field.

This proves that PUCK'S ANNUAL is the thing to give you a clearer vision, as well as a braver heart and a stronger hand. Price twenty-five cents.

MY WATCH.

When I was unmarried, and could do as I pleased, I never carried a watch. I never could understand the value of a watch, except as an article that might be hypothecated in a pecuniary emergency. I could always ascertain the time, because every church and sample-room boasted a clock, and what was the use of purchasing what could be had for nothing?

By my system of consulting these public time-pieces, I always managed to make my connections right. I never entered a theatre after the curtain had risen, or reached the station at the moment when the train was vanishing.

I was made happy in more ways than one by not having a watch. I didn't have to tell fifty people the hour every day; and I never worried about the safety of the contents of my vest-pockets in a crowded horse-car.

One night I was awakened rather suddenly. I felt a strange hand under my pillow. It was a burglar's, feeling for my watch.

"I have no watch," I remarked, as politely as I could: "but you'll find a dollar brass clock in the kitchen, if you want to know the time."

In his great hurry he passed through the window, and I shuddered as I heard him trickling down through the arbor below.

But after marriage it was different. I was told that I should wear a watch, in order not to appear poverty-stricken in the eyes of the world. I argued that it would place me on a par with weasel-headed clerks whose bangs and eyebrows meet. I was told that if I wore no watch every one would think I had one drawing interest for an avuncular relative.

This seemed a very subtle argument in favor of having a watch. And, besides, it completely upset me. I imagined that on the same basis people would fancy I had all sorts of things in pawn that I didn't wear, such as a seal-skin overcoat, diamond rings, etc.

As a tentative measure, I got what I call to this day a "patent-medicine watch," because I bought it in a drug-store. It was an advertising scheme to attract people to the patent-medicine. I should much prefer to swallow the contents of a drug-store than carry one of those watches a week. It had to be wound up every night, and took nearly all night to wind it. It didn't keep very good time, but I continued to wear it, that I might wind it for exercise. It superseded my dumb-bells until the stem

wore the skin off my thumb and fore-finger. When buried in profound meditation, it was my custom to take the watch out and wind it in an abstracted manner, just as others in a similar mood pick their teeth or whittle. I stated at home that I merely purchased the patent-medicine watch to learn how to take care of and manipulate one before getting a more expensive specimen.

This bit of news gave great satisfaction. I was looked upon as a good-natured, self-sacrificing being, who would soon wear a long watch-chain stretching all the way across the chest, and emptying into two pockets. As a reward I was presented with a watch.

The first day I wore it I was told I was wrong by a man who had just set his watch at some jeweler's. So I changed mine to make it agree with his. It seems it lost time, and I missed my train that night, a thing I had never done when I did not possess a time-piece.

Every few minutes I was asked the hour, to get me accustomed to pulling it out, and inside of a week I had acquired an artistic negligence and indifference of manner that was pronounced beautiful.

But the watch became eccentric. The eggs that were timed two minutes by it came out as hard as cobble-stones, and trying to regulate it by tapping it against my boot-heel, I thoroughly disorganized it, and was obliged to leave it for a week with a jeweler, who lent me, in its stead, a great silver machine that I was ashamed to take out of my pocket in daylight.

In short, when I got it back I did nothing but miss trains. It was never right. It was either too fast or too slow. Sometimes I would start for the cars thinking I had ample time, and reach the station after their departure; or else I would start on a run and half kill myself to get there in time, only to ascertain that I had arrived half-an-hour too soon.

It would take too much ink to tell how many sorrows and tribulations that watch brought upon me. I protested against wearing it many a time, but my protests were in vain. Finally I concluded that I would allow myself to be martyred, so I still carry it, but not for use. I wind it up about once a month, and never look at it. I go by the clocks I see around me, as I did before, and catch my trains and make all other time connections right. I don't like to say anything harsh of it, because it is a nice watch, and it would be simply perfect if it could only keep the right time.

Puckerings.



O HORNY-HANDED son of toil,
In summer fields you
bake and boil,
Your heart, you say, is
full of woe,
Because you have to
rake and hoe,
And plow and harrow
all the day,
From March the first
right through to May.

Perhaps you think that
in the town,
Where people are not
roasted brown,

Each one's position is as soft
As clover in your old hay left;
That every one is free and gay,
And work is ever killed by play.

But many here would like to change
With you and round the old farm range,
To climb the tree of blossoms full,
Or feed the hens or chase the bull,
And various other pleasures find,
And have no cares upon their mind.

The bank-cashier who happy looks
Sometimes can't straighten up his books,
And thinking of the prison stripes,
The dew-drops from his forehead wipes,
And thinks with feelings low and blue
How he would just like to be you.

O horny-handed son of toil,
O weary tiller of the soil,
If you'd good times and comfort-see,
You've got to work where e'er you be,
Even if falls into your lap
Some good and fat political snap.

A WORK OF FICTION - A Gas-Meter.

BEFORE THE WAR - The Diplomatic Wind-Blowing.

"WHAT IS WEALTH?" Wealth is the possession of more than your neighbors have.

IF WE had less trouble with the weather bureau, we could worry along with the weather.

"GO AWAY from home to learn the news' is a true axiom," says a philosopher. 'This is not calculated to make home popular with the girls.

A FARM-JOURNAL contains an article headed, "Why Bees Make Wax." We have not read it; but we presume it is because they can't get it any other way.

"HE THAT gives good advice builds with one hand," says a writer. It is astonishing to note the number of one-handed buildings that are daily being erected.

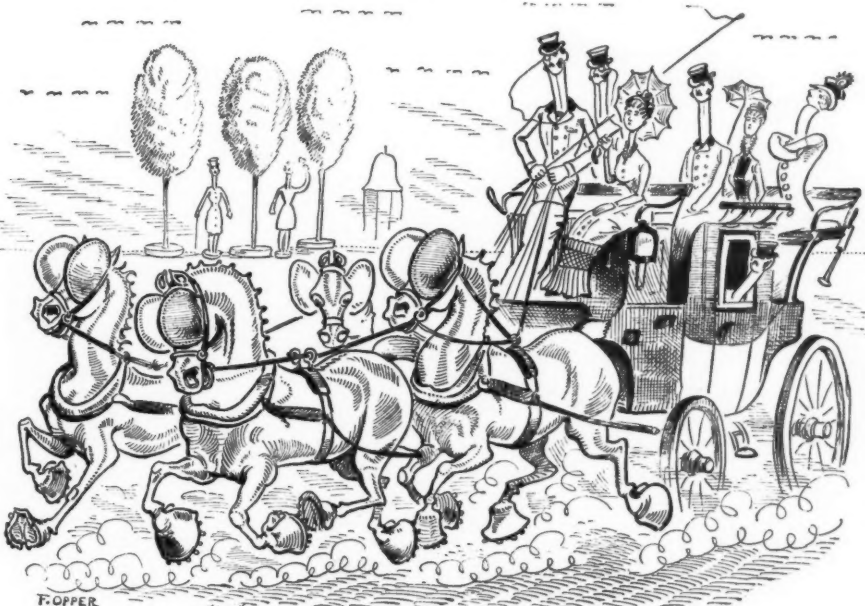
PAN is not dead, he's very lively yet,
He passed this way a day or two ago,
Before our door he played on his cornet -
He's arnica, just now, from head to toe.

"THIRTY YEARS ago a citizen of Westville, Conn., enlisted in the regular army as a private, and a few days ago he returned to his mother's home, having a fortune of \$3,000,000." He must have been a sutler.

A CHICAGO MAN is supposed to have robbed a New Orleans bank of twenty thousand dollars. While we are not particularly partial to Chicago, we are glad to note that one Northern man has left New Orleans without being robbed.

SAYS THE Boston Transcript, "An agricultural paper says grease is of no account as a fertilizer. This will be discouraging, no doubt, to people who live on the fat of the land." We don't see it in exactly this light. Very few men would care to live on fertilizers, we take it.

IT'S ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!



PUCK Follows the Fashion, and Publishes a Coaching Picture, Like His Anglomaniac Contemporaries.

ABOUT AIRY APRIL.

I.

JUST as when through a bashful maiden's tears
Breaks forth a tender smile, then fades again,
Seeming unable to endure the strain,
So fickle April's changing face appears—
Rays are the smiles, and tear-drops are the rain.

II.

As they pursue each other o'er her face,
They seem like lovers of that bygone age
When rash Hippomenes his life did wage
To conquer Atalanta in a race
Where it was death or else a marriage gage.

III.

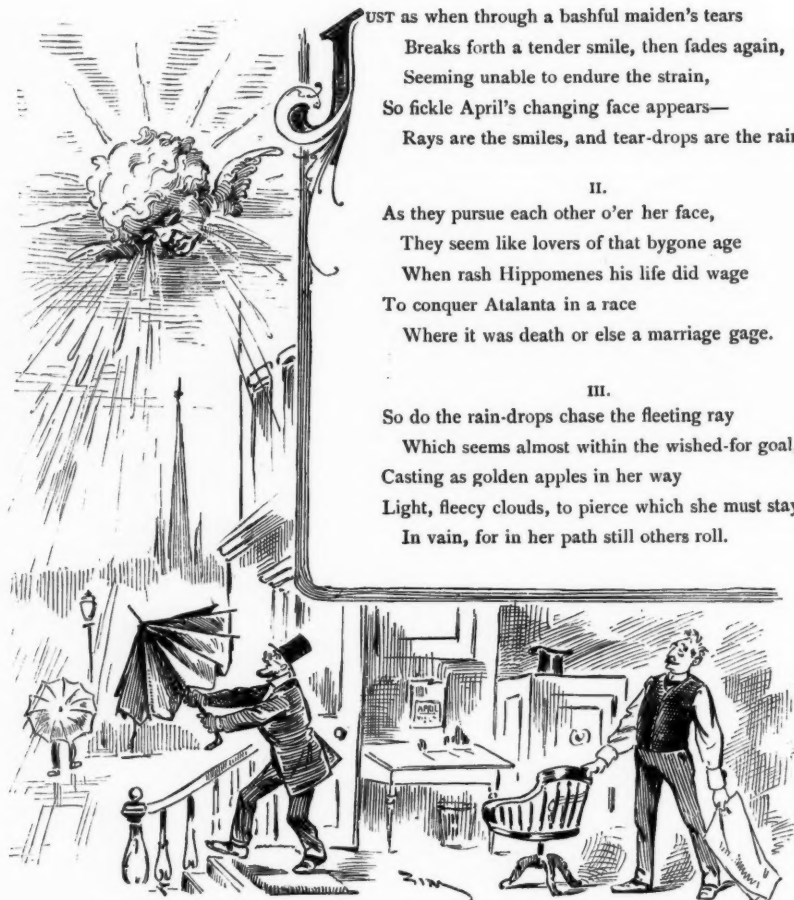
So do the rain-drops chase the fleeting ray
Which seems almost within the wished-for goal,
Casting as golden apples in her way
Light, fleecy clouds, to pierce which she must stay
In vain, for in her path still others roll.

IV.

And though she start again in winged flight,
While she has halted to secure the bait
Her lover has been speeding in his might;
For thunder-clouds displace the others white,
And thus she sees the trap, alas, too late.

V.

So then the storm begins, the race is o'er—
That race of which the Ancients loved to tell—
On which while pond'ring, through your office door
You see depart that everlasting bore,
And in his hand your best silk umberell. L. ARCV.



A COMMENDABLE CHARITY.

A silk-stitched button-hole and the long lean fingers of a dog-skin glove connected in front of the United States Treasury, the other day. The former was part of the ever changing plumage which covers the Corinthian shoulders of one of our old merchant monarchs; the latter the east branch terminus of Mr. Allittle Kroker, the simultaneous philanthropist.

"Oh, Lor'! what is it?" gasped the struggling magnate.

Mr. Kroker gaffed his victim, and crooking his long peninsular neck, whispered:

"Your peculiar excellences compel me to demand a contribution to a worthy object; I am about to found a college where the misguided bunko-steerers of this city will be instructed how to distinguish countrymen. Don't interrupt me, now. For some time past the steerers have not even had water communication with this insulated class. 'Our most prominent citizens' have been submitted to the most unjust discrimination. Read the papers of the last year, and you will learn that in addition to myself, the Reverend De Witt Tallmidge, Mr. J. Gold, Oscar Wilde, Esq., the Duke of Hoboken, Mr. Coffee Mills, William McGorry, Esq., Mr. C. W. Fielder, Capt. Williams's big brother, Mr. Anthony Cornstalk, Mr. Daniel Dodger, of Newark, Senator Evarts, 'and others,' have all been summed up as hailing from the rural districts.

"Now listen. It is thus evident that these poor misguided creatures, the bunkoers, who are the cream of social intercourse, are sadly in need, at the present time, of an academic course; besides, what is the use of our owning brown-stone mansions on the Avenue, if we, my dear sir, are to be taken at every turn for bumpkins from Cos Cob and Seedsville? This matter, therefore, recommendeth itself to the serious attention of all high-spirited and tender-hearted citizens, and—"

"My dear Kroker," interrupted the beneficent merchant: "say no more. I am charmed with your proposition, and will myself subscribe \$500,000 for the nutrition of your anthropogical scheme; but on no account have my name misspelled in the newspapers."

It is but natural, and, therefore, excusable that the excellent Kroker should that evening dispatch to the daily press brief accounts of his contemplated charity. To each communication was attached a postscript requesting that "an able and gentlemanly millionaire reporter" might call on him the next morning, when he would submit to be interviewed. The letters closed with an intimation that the reporters would be privileged to present him with free passes to the various places of amusement and a choice cigar each, as tokens of good will and joyous fellowship.

It is unnecessary to mention that at the appointed hour the representatives of the daily press elbowed their way through the perfume which laden the halls of the truly good Kro-

ker. He nodded as they entered his Kleokat-rinkaian library and anxiously inquired:

"Have you brought the theatre-tickets and the cigars?"

Each reporter then presented him with free passes to all the shows and balls of the season, a box of choice Cubanos and a stack of reds.

"It is well," murmured the polite and "genteel" philanthropist, sizing up the chips: "I do not ask you to be seated, for my time is occupied; but all you want to know will be found in this little pamphlet. I have provided a number, the price of which is five cents each."

A "reportorial" syndicate was immediately organized, and the capital raised for one copy. The prospectus read as follows:

Price 5 cents.

COLLEGE FOR THE TUITION OF NEW YORK BUNKO-STEERERS, TO ENABLE THEM TO DROP TO COUNTRYMEN.

No. 4-11-43⁷/₈ FIFTH AVENUE, April 13th.

To the Public:

Through the munificence of the signer and several other patriotic and charitable citizens whose names it is needless to mention, a large sum of money has been subscribed for the foundation of a place of instruction where the bunko and gyp-steerers, three-card-monte men, high and low sharps, drum and joint proprietors, etc., etc., of the City and County of New York, will be enlightened, free of charge, how to distinguish countrymen and strangers from "our most prominent citizens." To effect this, a large supply of fresh samples from the rural districts will be always kept on hand.

The "prominent citizens" gallery (arranged in the same manner as the one in Mulberry Street) will be presided over by Professor Hungry Joe, who has been chartered at great expense. It will consist of a complete collection of photographs of all the "fly" residents of the metropolis. The students will have access to the gallery at all hours, each of whom will be provided with a pair of gold eye-glasses, a volume of Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," and a copy of Dr. Watts's poetic tip, which begins:

"How does the busy bunko-steer
Improve his yearly dowry?
By gathering shekels every day
From suckers in the Bowery."

The regular course will extend over a period of six months. Graduates will be furnished with suitable diplomas. Contributions to the fund will be received day and night at the above address. Poker obligations taken at a premium.

Respectfully yours,
ALLITTLE KROKER, *Treas.*
F. S.

PICTORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

A TIGHT FIT:



Delirium Tremens.

A CROTON-BUG:



The Temperance Crank.

A Chicken in the Pot is



Worth Several in the Garden.

A GIVE-AND-TAKE AFFAIR:



Kissing.

A MAN WITH A CALLING:



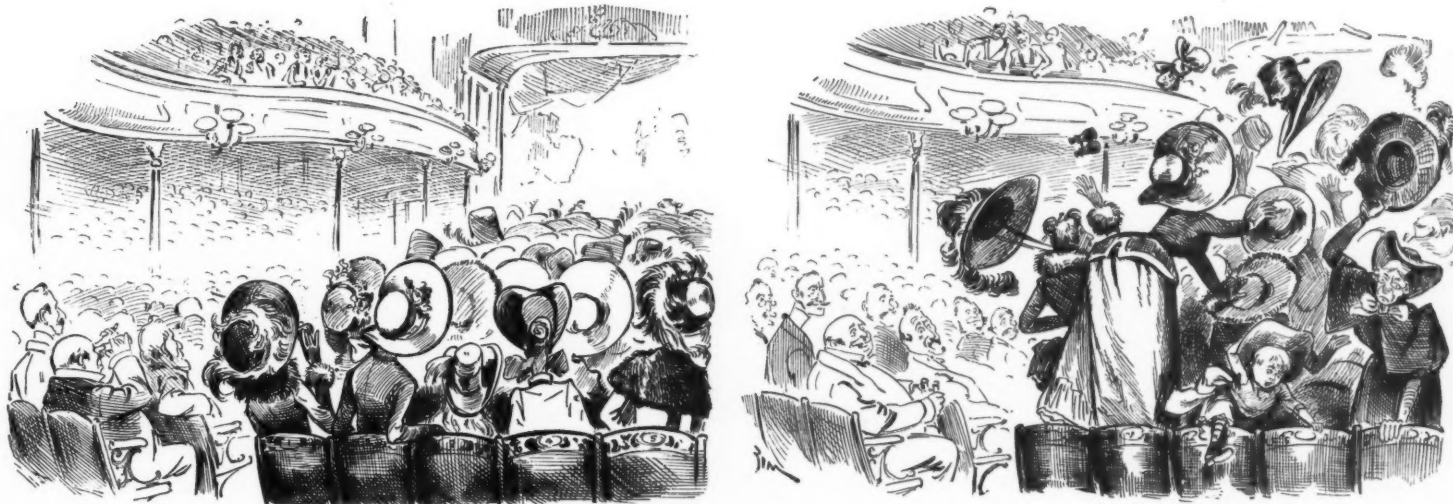
The Milkman:

A WELCOME FUNERAL APPOINTMENT:



Kaiser-Bier.

THE BIG HAT NUISANCE AT THE THEATRE.



A HINT.—SEPARATE THE SEXES, AND LET THE LADIES FIGHT IT OUT.

CAMP AUDUBON.

A "HEALTHY" BOY'S STORY AFTER THE FASHION OF THE JUVENILE MAGAZINES.

"Hurrah for vacation! Hurrah, hurrah!"

Frank Whitney Stiles and Charles Adams Peters had earned their rest, and now they were going to enjoy it. "Old Bill," the dappled mare, was standing at the front gate, hitched to a two-horse wagon that held the camping equipment. There was the camp, neatly folded, some pie and cake, some salt (for salt is necessary to sustain life), and a nice new paper of tent-pins with cambric points. Besides, there was a bottle of tea, a present from Frank for Old Jim, a former Rocky Mountain trapper, who was to be their guide.

Quite soon they were in the forest, and had kelseyed the jig, which is a technical term for putting up a tent.

"Now," said Frank: "I will take my gun and go and snare some birds."

The gun was loaded with salt; for the same substance which supports life may also be the means of the other thing.

"Oho!" cried Frank, as the gun went off: "I have killed a red-sniped plover, have I not, Old Jim?"

"Not this time," answered Old Jim: "You have killed a red calf; but blaze away! You may kill yourself soon."

Bang!

"What is that?" cried Frank, excitedly: "Is that the plaintive kildeer?"

"You're right it is," replied Old Jim: "What can you tell me about it?"

"It's Latin name is *kil-deus kildidibus*," answered the boys, who had diligently studied their Natural History, knowing how their abnormal knowledge would paralyze people: "It has red wings, a cloven foot and green horns. It is far swifter than the greyhound, and—"

Bang!

"What is that?" asked Old Jim, hugely enjoying the boys' sport.

"The North American Ptarmigan or Plinius Volens," answered Charlie.

"Right you are," cried Old Jim.

Bang!

"Oh, that's a fly-up-the-creek!" shouted Frank, delighted.

"Right you are," replied Old Jim, with the enthusiasm of a true woodsman who gets a dollar a day and his feed for being enthusiastic: "That's a fly-up-the-creek, and a rare nice bird it is, too. Blaze away!"

Bang!

"May I make a tentative remark?" asked Old Jim, slyly.

"Certainly."

"Well, then, don't hit the tent."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed the boys, and rightly pronounced it the best joke they had ever heard.

Bang!

A large vulture fell at their feet.

"Is that a chickadee or a chickadee-dee?" asked Charlie, somewhat at a loss.

"Why, I think it must be a species of hawk," hazarded Frank, after a moment's close study.

"Right you are!" cried Old Jim, pleased with his young pupils: "A hawk it is."

"What kind of a hawk?"

"A mohawk."

"And what," asked Frank, after carefully

committing this information to memory: "is the mohawk noted for?"

"For the length of his teeth," replied the guide, who was a thorough woodsman.

Bang!

"Oh! oh!"

"What is that?" asked Frank.

"You have shot Old Jim in the stomach," said Charlie.

This was true, and Old Jim was dying.

"Put me where I can see the setting sun," said the brave man: "Let me see it once more gilding the golden summits of the Rockies. Let me imagine I behold the snow-clad peaks and the long undulating valleys where they sweep away to and join the mystic waves of the old Pacific. Ah! now I am easy I seem to float on the billows as when I was a boy—What's that? What's that? It's a grizzly! My gun! Ah, no, it's Death come for Old Jim. It's—it's—"

The scout was dead.

"Let's bury him in the woods in true frontier fashion," said Frank: "with his gun and fusil; he will rest better so."

With their knowledge of woodcraft they did this, and then erected a small slab at his head.

"How very thoughtful we are," remarked Frank: "but we must not let even so small an incident as this pass by without its lesson for good or evil."

"No," said Charlie: "but what famous appetites we have! Let us return to the camp."

FUSH.

GOLDEN WORDS OF ADVICE SUITABLE FOR THE SEASON.

Here it is April,
Month of soft showers,
Month of green grasses,
When all the country's
Cheerful and sunny.

Soon we'll be moving
Out of the old house
Into the new one.

Plates, cups and saucers,
Vases and ice-picks,
Goblets and bottles,
All will get mixed up
With our new clothing.
Hams in' our dress-vests,
Fish in our high hat,
Beefsteak and mutton
Rudely inserted
Into those garments
Prized the most highly.

Then we'll go jumping,
Howling and tearing
At the old carman,
Who lets the bureau
Come like a land-slide
Down on our pedals.



Down in the Sara-
Toga will vanish
Currant and raspberry-
Jam, packed in bottles;
And all those bottles
Will, in the moving,
Be smashed to pieces,
And will the jelly
Flow like a cascade
Over our clothing.

Now, gentle reader,
If you'd be happy
As an old bumble-
Bee on a daisy,
Stay where at present
You are located,
E'en if you have to
Pay higher house-rent,
Have the place painted,
And the old boiler
Fixed in the kitchen.
Do the repairing
Out of your pocket,
And you'll be richer
And far more happy
Than after moving.

"GEORGIA NOW boasts of a farmer who raised a potato weighing thirteen pounds," according to an exchange. That is nothing to boast of. A farmer who can't raise a potato weighing only thirteen pounds must be a very weak man.

A BONE THAT OUGHT TO BE BROKEN—The Trombone.

THE HOOKER-BEAN INTRODUCTION.



"What do they mean by a 'Hooker-Bean introduction'? Well, I reckon as how you don't want to make any o' them sort of acquaintances—an', you see, you couldn't make more'n one if you wanted to, young feller. It was up to our camp in Montana that Hooker come in one day. He was a sneak an' a murderer, an' worse—he was a horse-thief, an' he knew it. An' his internal outfit made him feel as though we all knew it, too. He heard hints—loaded about as heavy as kicks—that set him on in thinkin' so; for—sure as rattlers takes natural-like to sage-brush—he saw 'horse-thief' in our eyes every time we looked at him, and heard 'horse-thief' in our words every time we spoke to him, no matter what we was really a-talkin' about.

"He made up his mind that it was Bean as had give him away to the camp—Bean, who was always quiet an' peaceable-like, an' was great on mindin' his own business. Hooker didn't know Bean, but he got introduced; he did, for a cold fact. An' he'll know him next time, if they meet *there*, which is more'n likely.

"One day we was down to the corral, in a right jolly state o' mind, sizin' up a lot o' Indian ponies we had swapped for an' gathered in mighty cheap. Bean was along. Up rides Hooker, an' says he:

"Some white-livered, knock-kneed, blank-born, blankety-blanked blank-blank-blank has been circulatin' lies on me. He says as how I stampeded a bunch o' Oregon ponies comin' across, coralled 'em in a canyon, an' then run 'em in on my own personal account. Which is a blankety-blanked lie that I'll make him swaller on sight. An' his name is Bean."

"As I said, he didn't know Bean the second he spoke them words, but in that same second we instinctive-like hauled out o' range, Hooker not droppin' on it as quick as the rest o' the outfit, we knowin' both men, an' he only knowin' one man, which was himself. An' in that second Bean had smiled in the sweet way he had, which it was not a smile to forget in a minute, an' before Hooker could climb down into his belt, Bean remarked, quiet-like, pulling his gun as he spoke with a one-two-three, quick's-a-flash movement:

"I'm Bean!"

"An' *that's* the way Mister Hooker was introduced to Mister Bean. Convict him? Bless your tenderfoot soul, young feller, you couldn't find no jury in Montana to convict a man for *that*, for Hooker would 'a' shot Bean if Bean hadn't been mighty spry in doing the introduction act himself."

WINTHROP.

THE NEWEST ARABIAN NIGHTS.

WITH ALL DUE DEFERENCE TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

In the year 1885, when the good Haroun Al Raschid Cleveland had been chosen Commander of the Faithful, there was great rejoicing in the city of Carpetbagdad. And there was a certain old merchant whose extensive traffic obliged him to travel to many places; in one of which journeys he took with him his two sons. For he reflected that in the course of his journey he should have to pass through the great capital, Carpetbagdad, and there he would present his two sons to the Commander of the Faithful, who, being pleased with the excellence of the young men, would retain them in his service. Being come to the city of Carpetbagdad, the merchant went up with his two sons to the palace of the Caliph and was admitted into his presence.

"Sir," said the Caliph: "I perceive by the dust upon your garments that you have traveled far. I desire you, therefore, to tell me the nature of the motive which has caused you to undertake this journey."

"Commander of the Faithful," said the old merchant: "you see before you one who has grown gray in the service of your sect. I am growing old now, but here are my two sons. Let them, therefore, enter your service, for they will worthily perform their duties."

"Sir," replied the Caliph, sternly: "I understand now why you have come hither, and I marvel much thereat. For you must know that there is a law, called the Civil Service law, which is in force."

"O Commander of the Faithful," said the merchant: "I know the law; but surely the service of the sons, and the father, and the gray hairs upon my head deserve some notice from you."

"Truly," said the Caliph: "you cause me to think of the story of the horse and his master. 'Tis a story I have a mind to tell you."

The merchant, wondering at so singular a remark, expressed a wish to hear a story which must be singular, indeed, to be suggested at such a moment. Thus pressed, the Caliph began thus:

STORY OF THE HORSE AND HIS MASTER.

Sir, there formerly lived a farmer who owned a great number of horses. He kept each horse in a close stall, and only permitted the animal to go forth to drink or to labor. But one day a rat entered the stall of one of the horses and said to the animal:

"Why do you stay here always?"

"Because," replied the horse: "as you may discover, I am tied."

"Is that all?" said the rat, laughing: "then you shall go forth speedily."

And the rat gnawed the rope by which the horse was tied, and freed the animal. So when the farmer again opened the door of the horse's stall, the horse ran forth.

"Come back," cried his master.

"Nay," replied the horse.

"Now art thou an ungrateful beast," exclaimed the farmer: "All these years I have fed thee, and given thee water and warm blankets and a straw bed to sleep on; and now thou art ready to leave me."

"Truly," said the horse: "these many years thou hast served me in such manner as thou hast said; but I have perceived that thy care of me was for thine own advantage, because, being well cared for, I performed my labors to thy satisfaction. Therefore, master, I owe thee no favors."

* * *

"And so," said the Caliph to the merchant: "your services have been for the advancement of yourself, and therefore you must take your chances with those who have labored for their country's good."

And the merchant and his two sons proceeded sorrowfully on their way from the city of Carpetbagdad, and perceived that the Caliph was no slouch.

W. J. HENDERSON.

CALF'S FOOT JELLY—The Man Who Was Kicked by a Yearling.

DR. HOLMES says: "No person plays much without striking a false note sometimes." This surprises us. We have always understood that the more a man played, the more perfect he became.

A SEASONABLE HINT.



FOLKS WHO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY CAN MAKE SURE OF SPRING WHEN THE CROCUSES AND THE OTHER CUSSES MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE.

THE WEATHER AT SOUTH TIBERIUS.

"Wa-al," said 'Squire Silsbee, as he entered the bar-room of Pitkin's tavern at Melonville, one bone-freezing, temper-warming morning a week or two ago: "wa-al, I don't much b'lieve in cussin' Divine Providence for whatever it sends us in the mete'r'logical line, but dum me ef I think Divine Providence had a hand in this last deal. Ef it wa'n't the handiwork of the Devil, then it's because it's too cold fur him to handle," and the 'Squire shot a volley of chuckles and an intelligent glance over the bar at Homer, son of the great Pitkin, and tender of the best and only bar at Melonville. "Yes, sir," he resumed, eyeing with satisfaction the paraphernalia of lemon-slices, sugar and whiskey about to contribute to his internal pacification: "yes, sir, water in our well frozen solid. Wife says to me this mornin': 'Squire,' sez she: 'don't you use much water to-day,' sez she: 'it all has to be thawed out.' Now, I'm a St. John man, myself," continued the 'Squire, with the easy humor of one who is sure of the appreciation of his hearers: "vote the temp'rince ticket ev'ry trip, gene'lly speakin'; but this 'ere weather'll make drunkards of us all," and the 'Squire took his liquor into his inmost confidence.

"Guess the 'Squire's about right," said Alpheus Mosely, as he expectorated into the stove with the faultless aim of one long used to ignore the groveling cuspidor: "Ya-as, I ain't a-goin' to say no to that; but it can't beat 'forty-seven. Hope to die right now ef the merkery that year didn't climb down to fifteen b'low and stay thar fur two weeks—gosh, talk o' weather!"

And Mr. Mosely anointed the stove once more, and subsided into his chair with the air of one who has not opened his mouth in vain.

"That all may be," observed the 'Squire: "I don't say fifteen b'low ain't purty cool an' refreshin', but you should b'en here in 'thirty-two! Was, was ye? Wa-al, you must 'a' b'en a small boy, I expect. Wa-al, sir, in 'thirty-two our cook-stove froze, with a fire burnin' in it at the same time—fact; got the old stove yet in the garret. I ain't seen no weather like that streak since. Mix me up another o' them temp'rince drinks, Homer!"

The 'Squire's recollections not extending further back than 'twenty-seven, old Selah Ruggles was enabled to beat the record with a tradition of 'twenty-four, which Mosely supplemented with a more modern one, but whose recent date was amply atoned for by its glaring but attractive improbability. Mr. Ruggles again came to the front with one of the year 'twenty, whose general temperature would shame any polar latitude as yet heard from; and so the friendly contest continued until, pausing at length for breath and irrigation, the company allowed with one accord, and considerable pardonable local pride, that for real, sheer out-and-out frigidity, Melonville was entitled to the palm. It was at this juncture that an old boy with wrinkled face and assorted eyes, one natural and gray, the other artificial and brown, hitched his chair a little and remarked:

"S'pose ye think Melonville's a purty cold town, don't ye?"

"Wa-al," said Mr. Mosely, with forcible but somewhat paradoxical comparison: "we do kinder 'low ef there is one place colder'n Hades, it's Melonville."

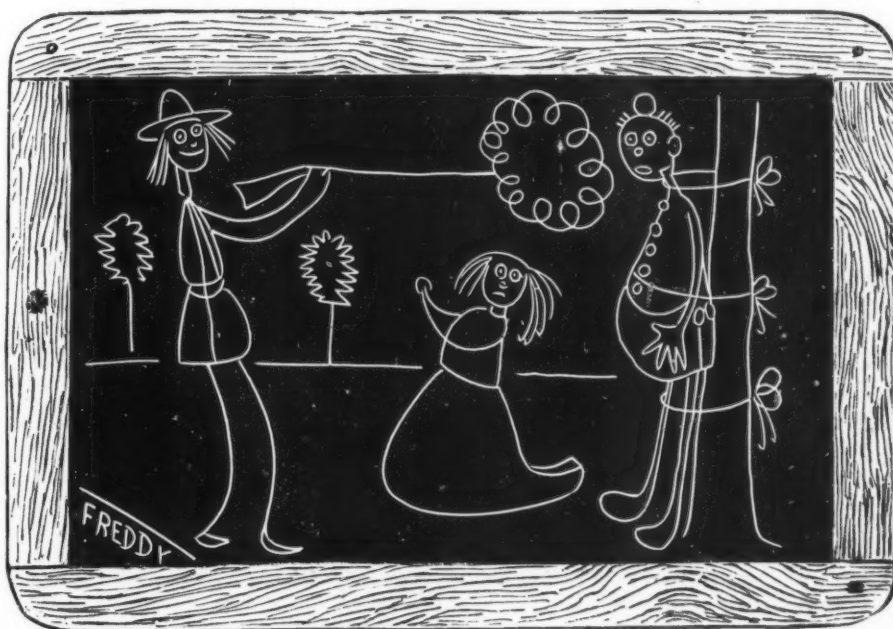
"Huh," said the owner of the crystalline optic: "ye ain't nowhar 'longside o' South Tiberius."

Seeing he had made an impression by his very audacity, the sage from the neighboring and rival town of South Tiberius continued:

"Ye may not sense it, but this 'ere eye is a glass one. Tell ye how I got it. The year 'sixteen was what ye might hones'ly call a cold year, crotch all hemlock. Ef there had b'en

FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyorkaperelfortean

dear puck

i cend you this weak a car Toon fore the fith chaptor Of my novvle all so The fith chaptor

jiant jim the hitoned
tranerecker Of The searer nevadas
chap five

on a rivin Att a cecluded spott the cavvle-caid caim Too a horlt an jiant jim perceded to unloose the bonds Off the stearn pairer.t After haven plaist his bucheous berden gentley On the grownd

wot now is youer ancer oled man Inchoird jiant jim wil you Let me hav youer buchious dorter or do You stil doubt my powr

i defy you reternd The pairer.t
then resspndid jiant jim you shal no lornger dout my powr

a merkery thar, it would 'a' died an early death. But there wa'n't no merkery—no, sir. Wa-al, I was a boy then, an' a great limb to play marbles, an' we played 'em in the barn all that spring—too cold to play outside. An' one mornin' about the fust o' May—talk 'bout yer late springs now!—one mornin' I set out fur school—how the wind blew, and the cold—huh! Wa-al, I kep' a-rubbin' my nose an' cheeks like steam, when suddenly suthin' like a glass ally marble dropped on the ground by my feet an' rolled along the road ahead o' me, an' all to once I felt zif I couldn't more'n half see. But I picked the dern thing up, an', by gee! ef it wa'n't my left eye! Froze hard, jess like a glass ally. Wa-al, that's what we call cold in South Tiberius. I kep' that eye till the thaw cum; then, I guess, the cat stolk it. Wa-al, guess ye can't beat South Tiberius on the weather-tack, can ye, gents?"

And the veteran turned his good eye upon the group; but the group, to use a hibernianism, was not there; only the bar-tender, with pale and dejected countenance, was visible, mopping the deserted counter.

R. C. N.

OUR E. C., *Life*, has just printed a "sample page" of PUCK, which we are glad to find a fair reproduction of the original. We congratulate our esteemed dude contemporary on having at last achieved one funny page.

an cezin his hellples praigh in his strawng arms he tide him Too a cottenwould trea o spair him cride the buchious made whoose naime As we shoud hav ced be foar was evvlelin maree spair my farther

be nott alarmd ced jiant jim tine a napple two The oled mans hed be not a larnd luvly made

spair him cride the gerl forling On her nese he is my onley farther

trust two jiant jim reternd ouer hearo stirnley An retirin too a disistnce he lifted his trusstey gun to his sholder An fierd

to be continnude in our necst
youers til then

freddy.

p s cen bac my slaight if you wornter no wot he hitt

Answers for the Aurious.

Bad puns, avaunt! or die:
Go forth into the storm,
Or PUCK will 'luminate the sky
With you to keep him warm.

S. R. R.—Your "spring song" will be set as a solo and sung by the angel of oblivion as he ferries the dead poets across the L-the.

F. S. G.—The idea of your sketch is pretty old and feeble; but the fun with which you close is of such prehistoric antiquity that the idea seems a giddy young thing alongside of it.

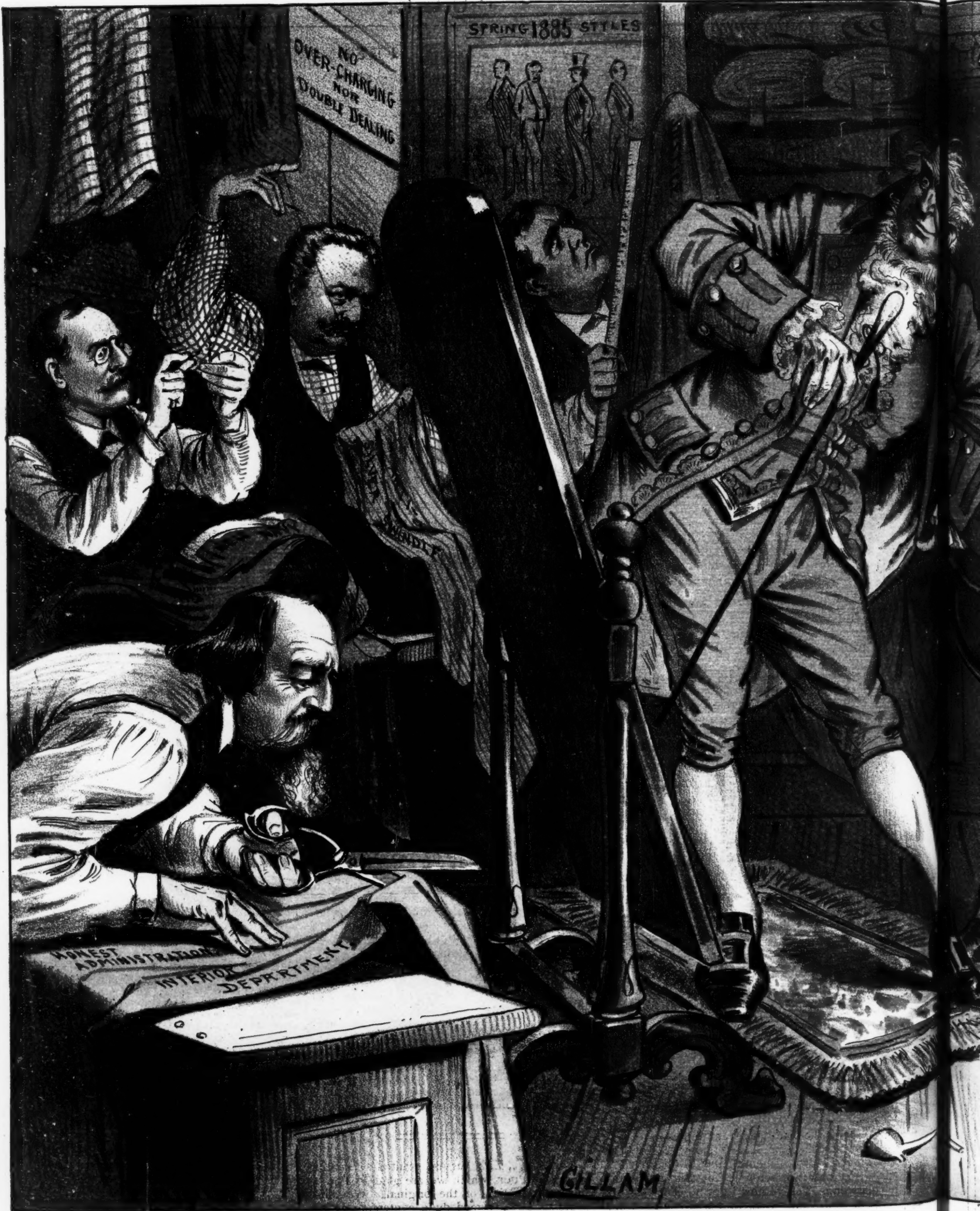
STEPHENSON.—You have never done anything to us, that we know of, and we do not wish to hold you up to the ridicule and contempt of generations to come. So we shall not publish your poem.

"DOUG."—The last man who sent us a poem beginning "Ten little drummers" came out of a railway accident in a soap-box. We do not say that there is any connection between the two facts here referred to; but there is such a thing as poetical justice.

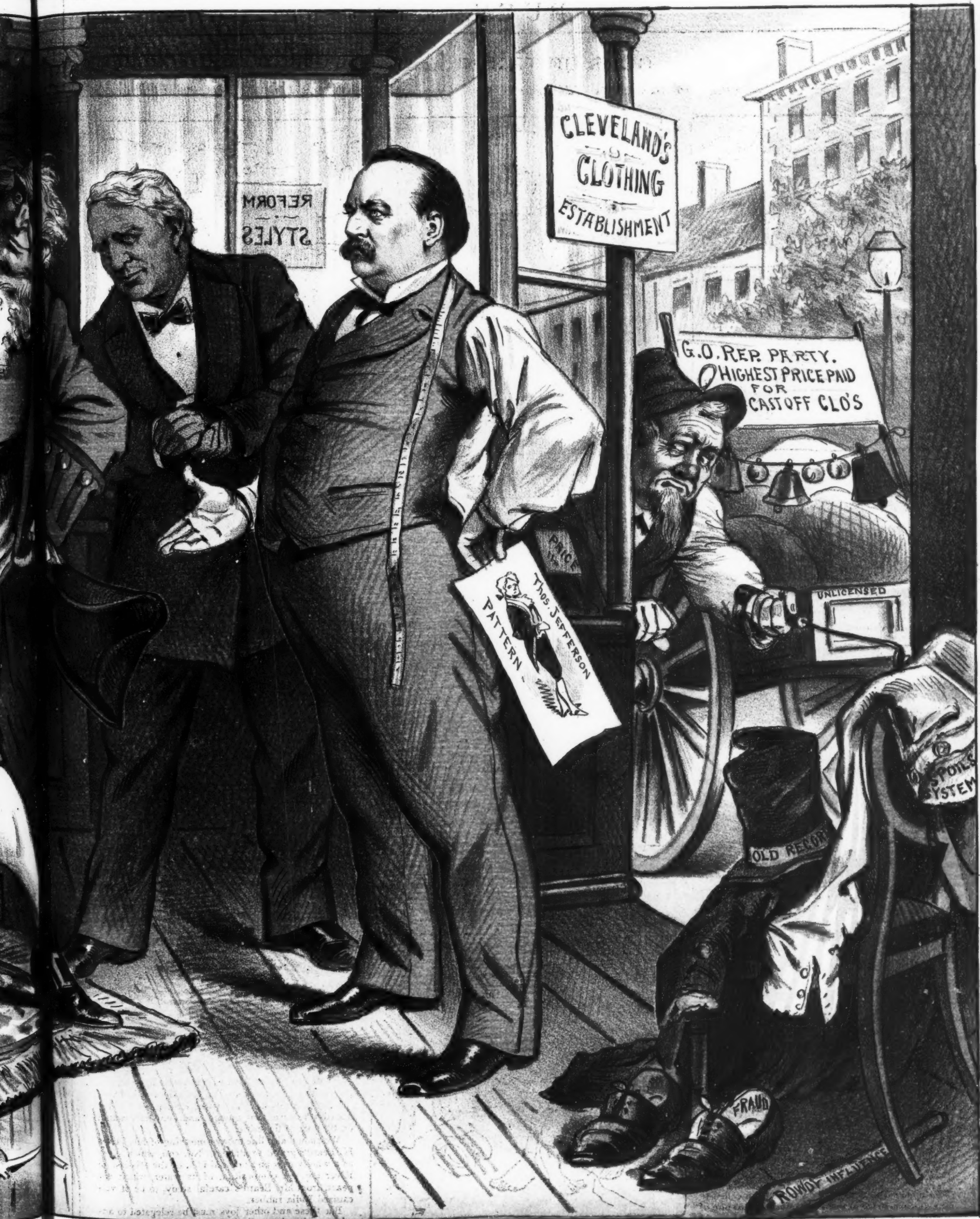
LYNETTE.—We object to your pronunciation of the word moustache; but we are quite willing, aside from that, to recognize the delicate poetic beauty of your poem beginning:

"The base-ball batsman threw aside his bust ash,
And waited for a new one, and stroked his sable mustash."

F. L., Adelaide, South Australia.—No, we never gave a medal to anyone by the name of J. Newman, or to anyone else, and we know of no such man. But if he has been going around imposing on the untrammelled culture and intelligence of South Australia with a story of that sort, he deserves a medal—a large celluloid medal, bearing a fulsome and obsequious inscription in celebration of his gilt-edged cheek. South Australia ought to get up a subscription for the purpose.



THE REHABILITATION OF THE
The New Suit (on the Jeffersonian Pattern) doesn't fit



N OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.
does fit yet; but we hope he will grow up to it.

GEMS OF THE N. A. D.

[Illustrated with Sketches by Our Special Artist, after the Original Masters.]



369.—GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE.



196.—BOY'S HEAD AND DOG'S EYES, WITH ACCESSORIES.



486.—A PICTURE OF LOOPS.

It is a beautiful and cheering thing to see the patriotic promptness with which the American artist springs to the post of duty at the Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design. He feels that it devolves upon him to uphold the artistic glory of his country, and he never falters. Even if he has been otherwise occupied all the winter, and has no picture ready when the time comes round for sending contributions in, it is all the same to him. He does one while the messenger waits. Indeed, this is the way in which most of the pictures in this year's exhibition were made. It is a fine exemplification of the business-like promptitude of the American character.

Even the older men show this same energy. They never fail us. There is not an Academician who will not fight it out on the line, if it takes all summer. Death is no more certain than J. G. B --- n.

The exhibition of 1885 is a noble effort of our brave artist band. These patient toilers feel that the influence of the pervasive and spreading chromo must be checked. They have resolved that the American public shall not be forced to buy chromos. And they have accomplished the work they have set themselves. There will be no need of buying chromos while we have such pictures as these. We cannot describe in detail every one of the masterpieces which illumine the walls of the National Academy with a light that up to date has never been observed on sea or land. Our space permits us to mention but a few; but to these we shall devote such reverent attention as we may.

No. 114, by Miss S. P. B. Dodson, is called "Taking Moses Home." The venerable patriarch, full of years, honors and malarial excitement, is being assisted upon his homeward way by two pious Hebrew youths. His features, of a Bourbon cast, are slightly drawn awry, and his grand head resembles that of a Benedictine monk on his bier.

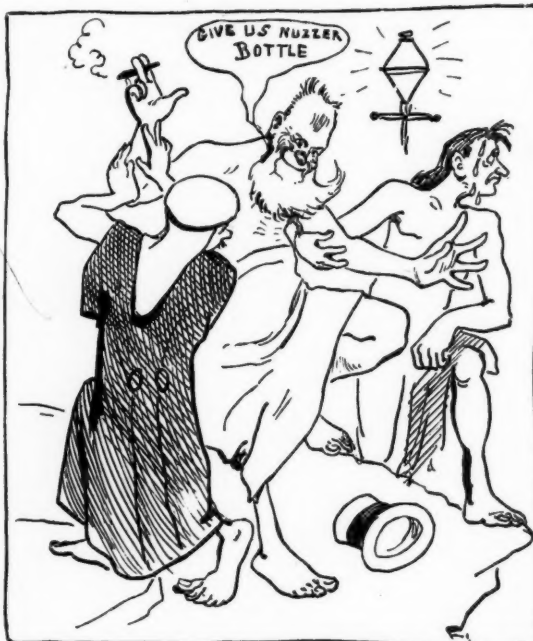
No. 196 is a portrait, by Mr. B. C. Porter. It cannot be too firmly impressed on the public mind that this picture is a portrait, and not a delicately veiled advertisement of the Royal Victoria velveteens. Particular attention is called to the simple but sincerely artistic device by which the artist has accentuated the head of the boy and the eyes of the dog. A difficult problem has here been solved with profound ingenuity. These points are painted in the major, and the rest of the picture in the minor key. To the conventional mind there may be something startling and abrupt in this transition; but the end justifies the means. The most casual observer could tell the boy's head from the rest of the picture a hundred yards off. Art could hardly go further. There is nothing left save for some still more daring genius to superimpose a real porous-plaster on a study of the nude.

No. 486 is "Repose," by H. A. Loop. It is a tenderly poetic conception. A maiden, retired from the world to conceal her peculiarities of drawing, has played herself to sleep on the lyre. Wrapped in soft slumber, she dreams that she has been called to fill a glorious place in the Eden Musée. No one of true tenderness of soul and love for his kind would ever wish to wake her.

41144.—J. G. B --- n. Same as last year—fill the blank up with bootblacks to suit yourself.



442.—A FRAGMENT. Mr. Wordsworth Thompson's Idea of a British Military Salute.



114.—TAKING MOSES HOME.

No. 369, by G. H. Story, is a portrait of a boy in a black velvet suit trimmed with lace. It is wonderful to note how the artist has caught the spirit of the subject. He has given us just that sort of boy. The boy is hastening to the Sabbath-school. The light of innocence and piety irradiates his countenance. You can see that he loves his Sabbath-school and reveres his kind teacher, who has done so much to make him an example to other boys. He is walking very fast, for the bell is ringing, and if he is late he will not get a picture-card.

No. 442 is called "The Advance of the Enemy," and shows a party of British soldiers, during the troublous times of the Revolution, emerging from a victorious assault upon a farm-house. It is by Mr. Wordsworth Thompson. This picture will do much to cement the present friendly relations between this country and England. It is conceived on principles of strict impartiality. While the English are not represented in a favorable light, morally, it cannot be denied that their clothes fit. Thus are the scales of Justice held suspended with an even hand. We have not room for a reproduction of this grand work of art in its entirety; but our artist has made what we may call a little explanatory study of one of the figures, showing, more in detail than the original permits, the peculiar method of salute practised in the British army a hundred years ago. The insertion of the thumb in the ear will strike modern tacticians with almost the force of a novelty. We are sorry that the limitations of art do not admit of our giving the accompanying wiggle of the fingers.

Nos. 407 and 567 are from the facile brush of Mr. J. G. Brown. Our simple but commodious system of reproduction gives a fair idea of the point, naturalness and artistic value of both pictures, at a glance. It is unnecessary to enter into detail; let it be sufficient to say that both are admirable for those qualities for which Mr. Brown's work is famed, and that in the waxiness and cleanness of his children the artist has outdone himself and E. Wood Perry.

We regret, and we feel that all lovers of art will regret, that this is all the room we can spare to illustrate the gems of the Academy. There are many other bright lights in the galaxy of which we would fain imitate the lustre; but we have reached the limits of our space. Perhaps at a future time we may speak of some of the other successes of the year 1885—for instance, of Mr. Wilmarth's bold, masculine and vigorous impressionist sketch, No. 257. But Mr. Wilmarth's serious art deals with themes too elevated to be dismissed with hasty notice, and when we say that the subject of this picture is a man painting a little girl's doll, it will be clear to all that the occasion requires long thought and deliberate action on the part of the critic.

We should also like to say something of Mr. James H. Beard's grand production, No. 596, which gives us a wholly new and original idea of the Mississippi River and the composition of its water, which appears, from Mr. Beard's careful study, to be of vulcanized India rubber.

But these and other joys must be relegated to another week, when we shall again be able to put our humble powers at the service of American Art.

OYSTERS AND HAIR-OIL.

A PAINTED LILY—Langtry.

A DIM RELIGIOUS LIGHT—
Dr. Burchard.

A PIG is a man who wants
something you want.

HARD TO GET OVER—Wall
Street. But you can go under,
if you try it.

ANOTHER OF PUCK'S E. C.'S:
The *Home Journal*—The But-
cher's Book.

STATISTICS SHOW that last
month was the coldest March
since that of 1859. It was, for
the Republican party.

THE MAN who can buy a
four-ply linen collar, and smile
when he buttons it for the first
time, is the man to marry Dr.
Mary Walker.

"A SPONGE MEASURING six
feet in circumference has been
found at Key West," says an
exchange which, however,
neglects to give his name.

AN EXCHANGE says: "Re-
suscitation after hanging is
being discussed in England."
In this city we have so little
hanging that no discussion has
yet been started.

A RUSSIAN MAXIM is, "The
Moscow pies burn like fire."
The Moscow pie seems to re-
semble the American pie in
one important particular. It
is good for most everything
except eating.

"WHEN YOU attend a church-
meeting, you are all supposed
to be, for the time being, on
an equality," writes an editor
who is evidently unmarried.
Every married man knows that
there can never be such a thing
as equality in church as long
as the present rivalry in wo-
men's dress exists.

"T'WAS EVER THUS."

"Little boy, little boy,
Where have you been?"
"I've been to England
To see the Queen."

"And how did she look
To your infant glance?"
"I did n't see her—
She'd gone to France."

THE SWEET summer-time
will soon be here, and the
little birds will twitter and
sing in the trees, and the sweet
scent of the new-mown hay
will come across the fields on
the morning breezes, and all
Nature will be full of joy. But
she won't be half so full of
joy as the man's winter over-
coat will be of camphor and
moth-holes ere the leaves be-
gin to fall.

AN IDYL—AND A MORAL THERETO.

I.
'Twas the farmer's pretty daughter
Minna, young and slim,
Who by Danube's azure water
Seemed so fair to him.

II.
He was but a genre painter,
Wedded to his art;
But ambition's cry grew fainter
When awoke his heart.

III.
And as Conrad's model posing,
Fair the maiden seemed—
Ah, ambition fell a-doing
While young Conrad dreamed.

IV.
As he watched her, posed demurely
In her Gretchen gown—
You'll not blame him, reader, surely,
If he bent him down—

V.
Bent him down and kissed the maiden
On her rosy mouth,
With the tender sweetness laden
Of the tropic South.

VI.
For young Conrad bent and kissed her—
Did it, too, what's more,
As her mother, who had missed her,
Entered at the door.



VII.
Reader, take, before thou partest,
Moral to this tale—
'Twas a pudding for the artist

That this occurred in Germany, by the Danube's azure
tide, where they don't mind a little thing of that sort; for if he had tried the scheme
in Skeneateles, N. Y., he would have been liable to find himself let in for a good
old-fashioned breach-of-promise suit, every trip, without fail.

PLEA FOR THE POLICEMEN.

There is a popular and generally accepted suspicion that some policemen
are cowards. It is a vile, wicked slander of the deepest dye. There is a long
list of things that no policeman, however delicate his nervous organism, is ever
known to run away from. There is not a case on record where "one of the
finest" has ever shown that he was afraid of:

A servant-girl at the basement door—
if there is no one stirring on the block.
A brewery—when no other officer is in
sight.
A muddy street—if he is stationed where
handsome women are in the habit of
crossing.
A "V" or an "X" for keeping one eye
closed—if there is no chance of being
found out.
A square sleep—when there is no danger
of being caught napping.
The newspapers—if he stands in with
the reporters.

The family entrance—after the rounds-
man has just passed.
Swearing to a set of facts to suit himself
in police-court—if the prisoner has
no friends, or is a personal enemy.
A side door—on Sunday.
A summons before the Board of Police
Commissioners—if he goes there
simply as a witness against some other
officer.
A gang—if he belonged to it before he
went on the force.
A drunken man—if he is paralyzed.
N. C.

MR. SIMPSON'S REVENGE.

As Mr. Simpson boarded an
elevated train for his office,
the other morning, he met
his friend Wilson. They took
adjoining seats, and were a-
bout to glance over their news-
papers, when Mr. Wilson re-
marked:

"I heard a good story about
a fellow named Briggs yester-
day."

"Is that so?" replied Mr.
Simpson: "What is it?"

"When he was in London,
last summer, he met the Prince
of Wales in the Park by acci-
dent. Briggs didn't know
the Prince and the Prince
didn't know him. After they
walked a few blocks, Briggs re-
marked to His Royal High-
ness that he felt thirsty.

"Well," said the Prince.

"Let's have a drink," re-
turned Mr. Briggs.

"My deah fellah," said the
Prince, thunderstruck: "you
really must excuse me, doncher
know."

"No, I don't know," said
Briggs, curtly.

"I see you don't," replied
the Prince, and he turned his
back on him and walked
away."

"That isn't bad," replied
Mr. Simpson: "It was rough
on Briggs, wasn't it?"

When Mr. Simpson left his
office for lunch, he met his
friend Jones.

"I've got a good story to
tell you," remarked Jones, as
he led him to the lunch-
counter.

"What is it?" inquired Mr.
Simpson.

"It's about a man named
Briggs. He met the Prince of
Wales in London last summer,
but didn't know who he was,
and he invited him out to take
a drink.

"Excuse me, old man," said
the Prince: "but I cawn't go,
doncher know."

"Mr. Briggs is a Kentucky
man, of the firm of J. Briggs
& Briggs—you've heard of
'em—and he took it as an in-
sult.

"No, I don't know," he
said.

"I see you don't," said the
Prince, and he walked away
from him."

"Capital," replied Simp-
son, smothering a yawn be-
hind a sandwich: "Rough
on Briggs."

As Mr. Simpson boarded
the train that night for his
home, he again met Wilson.

"Say," said Wilson, before
they passed the first station:
"heard that queer story about
Briggs?"

"Yes," said Simpson, "you
told it to me this morning."

"So I did. Well, it's a good
story, anyway. Briggs must
have felt sore when he learned
who the Prince really was."

"Yes, indeed," answered Simpson, wearily. "By-the-way, Simpson," remarked his partner to him the next morning at the office: "I heard a good story yesterday about Briggs."

"Yes," replied Simpson: "it was rough on him, wasn't it?"

"So you have heard it, too, have you?"

"I think I have," answered Simpson, with a sigh.

"Heard that story about Briggs?" asked Mr. Simpson's barber, as that gentleman settled himself in his chair for a shave.

"Yes, I have," returned Mr. Simpson, testily: "I have heard it four thousand and seventy-six times, and I'm going to kill the next man who tells it to me."

As the barber was a married man with a large family, he discreetly kept his story to himself.

"Say, my dear," remarked Mrs. Simpson, as her husband seated himself at the dinner-table that evening: "I heard a good story this afternoon about a gentleman by the name of—"

"His name was Briggs, wasn't it, Madam, and he met the Prince of Wales in London, doncher know? So that accursed story confronts me in the bosom of my own family!"

"What is the matter, Jacob?" observed Mrs. Simpson, as she lifted her eyebrows in amazement: "What provokes you so? Have you been drinking to-day?"

"Drinking nothing, Madam; but if you attempt to tell me that infernal Briggs story, I will come home so staving full that six policemen and two drays can't carry me."

Mrs. Simpson, being a timid woman, judiciously changed the subject.

The next day six customers told Mr. Simpson the Briggs story with variations, and the office-boys wondered what made Mr. Simpson so terribly cross, and the eldest one, who lived at home, suggested that perhaps Mrs. Simpson had got home from her Christmas visit to her mother a little earlier than she was expected.

That night, on his way home, a brilliant idea struck him. He would have revenge.

The next noon at lunch he met a stranger in the restaurant who looked as if he had not been long in the city.

"Say," said he, as he sat down beside him at the counter: "I want to tell you a good story about a cussed infernal Kentucky fool named Briggs. This blasted idiot went to London last summer, and accidentally ran across the Prince of Wales. What do you suppose this ass did? He invited his royal nibs out to take a liquor. The Prince remarked, in a very gentlemanly way, 'I really can't go, doncher know,' and what do you think this Kentucky chump did? Did he turn away like a gentleman? No, sir; he looked the Prince in the face, and growled out, 'I don't know.' The Prince didn't kill him. He didn't know but what this miserable, sneaking Kentucky cuss might have a family on his hands. The Prince is a gentleman. He simply turned on his heel, remarking, 'I see you don't know,' and left him there. If I had been the Prince, I should have picked this idiotic Kentucky whiskey-rot up by the nape of his neck and tied him into a double-bow knot. That is the very thing the Prince neglected to do. Don't you think this Kentucky Briggs was the shabbiest, shoddiest, worst-bred cur that ever disgraced this glorious country of ours?"

"No," replied the stranger, calmly: "I can't say that I do."

"You can't say that you do, eh? Well, from your answer I should think you came from Kentucky, too. What is your name, if I may ask?"

"Certainly," answered the stranger, politely: "I am glad to accommodate you, sir. I am from Kentucky. My name is Briggs."

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

"OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES."



MINNIE.—"Oh, Jane, I forgot to bid Papa good-by—won't you do it for me, please? Just give him one sweet kiss for me. Tell her not to forget, Mama."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

SHARP INVENTOR—"Yes sirree. I've struck it at last. Do you see that model of a pump? It's my own invention."

Friend—"Looks to me like an ordinary pump."

"Well, yes, there's nothing novel about the pump. It's the name I'm going to give it that I've got patented. There's millions in it."

"Don't see what difference a name can make. What are you going to call it?"

"The Alderney pump."—*Philadelphia Cal.*

"So your son is the sheriff of the county now?" remarked Mrs. Weston.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Simpson. "He was elected last Fall."

"I suppose now he will have to execute the prisoners?"

"No, Ma'am," replied Mrs. Simpson, with maternal indignation: "no, Ma'am; my son will never be an executor."—*Graphic.*

A WAR between England and Russia would create a demand for *Harper's Bazar* supplements. With a few jaw-twisting names sprinkled here and there, they would make very good war-maps, possessing the advantage of being a little more lucid and intelligible than the average newspaper puzzles of that character.—*Norristown Herald.*

You can't keep a woman in captivity, my boy, any more than you can a gorilla. She will surely die if she is not allowed to frisk around through society, jump, so to speak, from limb to limb, and see and be seen to her heart's fullest measure.—*Lowell Citizen.*

It is said that Pearson was appointed Postmaster of New York "in order to please the Mugwumps who carried the election." No appointment has yet been made, we believe, to please Rev. Dr. Burchard, who also carried the election.—*Norristown Herald.*

WE thought that spring had come yesterday morning when we entered our sanctuary, but were made perfectly sure when the exchange fiend entered and carefully closed the door voluntarily, which we had requested him to do daily since November 1, 1884.—*Boston Post.*

As soon as the strawberry-man gets around, Mr. Sullivan will have to retire from his posi-

A REAL CHILD.

A THOUGHT.

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.

WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN.

A child should always say what 's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

RAIN.

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

THE SUN'S TRAVELS.

The sun is not a-bed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea;
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

TIME TO RISE.

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head!"

—From "A Child's Garden,"
by R. L. Stevenson.

tion as champion boxer of the country.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"Did a woman ever clean up a rented house when she moved out of it?" asks *Texas Siftings*. And if she did, did another woman ever move in without declaring that the house was a "perfect mess," and immediately proceed to give it another thorough cleaning?—*Norristown Herald.*

"Do you move this spring?" asked Gilpin of a customer.

"Oh, yes, I move every spring."

"I should think that would be expensive."

"I find it cheaper than paying rent."—*Marathon Independent.*

It takes years of time and a deal of bad history to settle facts as to whether a man is a patriot or a traitor.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Now is the winter of our old plug-hat
Made spring-time by the tile of Espenscheid,
Nassau Street, one eighteen, he dwelleth at,
And handsome are his hats, both black and white.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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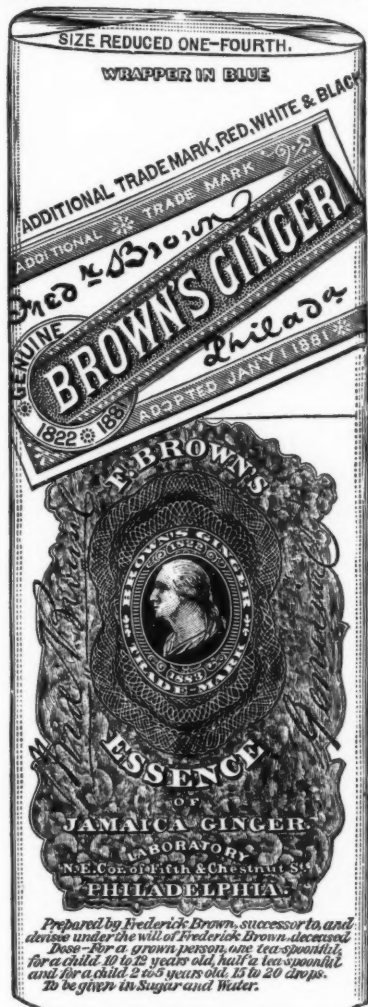
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 than of any other brand.



HAIL, Aerial!
 In several
 Stanzas, hail! O month imperial!
 Ah, well,
 I smell
 The brush-pile in my neighbor's dell;
 I greet
 The sweet
 Scent of the burning boots in bonfires in the street.
 I glans
 Asks
 At the empty cans
 Flung into my yard by the neighboring clans.
 Old bones
 And stones,
 Which nobody owns;
 And scraps of tin,
 And shattered barrels with heads caved in,
 And cast-off garments, vile as sin,
 These line my path with a nameless fear—
 Things you can see with your nose; loud smells that you
 can hear;
 Tell me, in numbers more or less clear,
 That Spring is here,
 Right on this mundane sphere.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Now that Russia has consented to accept the principle that the frontier line shall not be drawn further south than Karezelius and Chamebeids, or further north than Shirtepe and Sanyazi, peace will continue to reign, as a matter of course. If England had insisted that the line should be drawn as far south as Krazyquilus and Jiminykrickets, or further north than Chemisettemup and Lorzamazzi, gore would have certainly been shed.—*Norristown Herald.*

"DIMPLES" is the name of a new play written by Howard P. Taylor. If it was written for the purpose of introducing a ballet, "Wrinkles" would be a more appropriate title.—*Norristown Herald.*

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PETER E. LOVE, Augusta, Ga.
Jan. 9, 1885.

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"Any money in it?"

"About \$500."

"Yes, sir. Here is your pocket-book, with the money. The maid was honest enough to bring it to me, and I locked it up in the safe."

"Ah, very correct proceeding, very. I had intended placing the money in a savings-bank this morning, where it would have been drawing four per cent. As a reward for your honesty I will say nothing about the interest for the time it has been in your possession, and you can make it square with the chamber-maid. There is nothing small about me when I run across a man who seems to be trying to do what's right."

—Detroit Journal.

"FATHER," he said, as he came running in from school: "did you ever drill an oil-well and make \$50,000?"

"No, my son, I never did."

"I was in hopes you had, for I wanted to brag to the boys."

"Well, you can tell 'em that, although I never drilled an oil-well and made \$50,000, an oil broker once drilled me and made \$75,000, which is about the same thing, I guess.—Wall Street News.

It is impossible for a boy to keep still if he is ordered to do so; but if the suggestion is made that he should go down to the cellar for a hod of coal, he can become as motionless as an Egyptian mummy.—Boston Courier.

Politicians in Prime Luck.

Numerous political aspirants have been anxiously looking for an equitable division of official loaves and fishes to themselves since the inauguration; but those who struck genuine first-class luck are the ones that learned the unsurpassed merits of DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY for the first time in their passage through Baltimore, to and from the great political Mecca. Besides being a perfect consolation for disappointed hopes, it is absolutely free from all inflammatory and exciting elements found in ordinary beverages, and is strongly endorsed by the best doctors as a remedy for the prevalent diseases of pneumonia, diphtheria, malaria and pulmonary complaints. Large bottles \$1 at all reliable druggists and grocers.

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Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides. And I got so bad I could not move!

I shrunk!
From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

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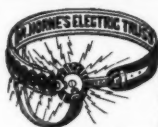
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THE ROBIN AND THE CHICKEN.

A plump little robin flew down from a tree,
To hunt for a worm, which he happened to see;
A frisky young chicken came scampering by,
And gazed at the robin with wondering eye.

Said the chick, "What a queer-looking chicken is that!
Its wings are so long and its body so fat!"
While the robin remarked, loud enough to be heard:
"Dear me! an exceedingly strange-looking bird!"

"Can you sing?" robin asked, and the chicken said
"No";

But asked in its turn if the robin could crow.
So the bird sought a tree and the chicken a wall,
And each thought the other knew nothing at all.

—Grace F. Coolidge, in St. Nicholas for April.

THE saying that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and so on, cannot be more forcibly exemplified than in the following conversation between two men who know Garland:

"Say, I see that our friend Garland has been appointed Attorney-General."

"Yes, but don't you know that he don't amount to much? I have been acquainted with him for a long time."—Arkansaw Traveler.

A MAN never begins to find out how little he knows about domestic matters until his wife asks him to keep his eye upon the baby, and to see that a pan of melted butter is kept stirred, while she goes into the attic to look through her rag-bag. —Fall River Advance.

It is stated that out of one hundred men who parade in a brass-band, at least forty are dummies and only pretend to play. This, it is presumed, is necessary, that the sixty who are not dummies may hear what tune they are playing. —Norristown Herald.

A BROOKLYN clergyman says that liquors may soon be sold in skating-rinks, and then "the result will be disastrous." We should say so. It is hard enough for a sober man to stand up. —Philadelphia Call.

A GEORGIA physician declares that mule meat is more wholesome than beef. This is placing a high estimate upon the Illinois legislature. —Arkansaw Traveler.

TENNYSON says: "Men are God's trees." Some, however, who call at newspaper offices are not. They never leave. —San Francisco Examiner.

It is not the change of scene that cures so many traveling invalids. It is absence from the doctor. —Philadelphia Call.

JOURNALIST (to his wife).—"I feel very bad this morning. I don't see that it's worth while to go to work, for my head aches so painfully that I cannot think."

Wife.—"Don't try to think any to-day, dear. Stay at home and work on your book."—Arkansaw Traveler.

An exchange says: "A one-armed negro-boy in Augusta has saved four persons from drowning. This is nothing, however, for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has saved thousands from consumption."

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of Angostura Bitters half-an-hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Messrs. SOMMER & Co., the now so deservedly popular manufacturers of first-class pianos, have again been obliged to enlarge their several establishments. Our representative, who lately called on the firm, was quite astonished to see so many customers crowding their warehouses, certainly an unusual sight in these "hard times." Mr. Fabr. of Messrs. SOMMER & Co., informed our representative that the demand for the "Sommer" instruments is an extraordinary one, and that many of our best musicians are now purchasing them for their own use. The new Bijou, the smallest "Grand" ever built, patented by Messrs. SOMMER & Co., is universally admired, and has a gigantic sale. This instrument is a "Bijou" (Jewel) in the fullest sense of the word; it is small and neat, and possesses a richness of tone hardly surpassed by the largest Grand. It is an indisputable fact that Messrs. SOMMER & Co. are manufacturing none but the very best of instruments. They are a progressive firm, and their constant aim is to gratify the desires of their customers. —N. Y. Review.

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1 "	@	10,000 "	—	10,000 "
1 "	@	10,000 "	—	10,000 "
1 "	@	5,000 "	—	5,000 "
12 "	@	1,000 "	—	12,000 "
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